## The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE The Well-Known Noveltst and the Country of the "Cruig Kennedy" States

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Company

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of nurriers of prominent men. The principal clus to the manderer is the warning inter which is sent the victims signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assessed is Taylor Dodge, the Insurance president. His daughter, Eigha, employs Craig Rennedy, the famous adentific descript, to try to improve the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jamoson, a newspaper man. Kennedy frustrates a facing attempt to rob a leweiry store and passesses Elains from a holler where she had been imprisoned by the thugs.

## FOURTH EPISODE

The Frozen Safe.

Kennedy swung open the door of pur taxicab as we pulled up, safe at last, before the Dodge mansion, after the rescue of Blaine from the brutal machinations of the Clutching Hand.

Bennett was on the step of the cab in a moment, and together, one on such side of Elaine, they assisted her out of the car and up the steps to the

Elaine's Aunt Josephine was waiting for us in the drawing-room, very much worried. The dear old lady was guite scandalized as Elaine excitedly told of the thrilling events that had fust taken place.

"And to think they-actually-caradding, "And I not-"

chaperoned!"

Aunt Josephine turned to Craig, gratefully. "How can I ever thank you enough, Mr. Kennedy," she said ferwently.

Kennedy was quite embarrassed. With a smile, Ellaine perceived his discomfiture, not at all displeased by it.

"Come into the library!" she cried gayly, taking his arm. "I've something to show you."

Where the old safe, which had been burnt through, had stood, was now a brand-new safe of the very latest construction and design—one of those globular safes that look and are so

"Here is the new safe," she pointed out brightly. "It is not only proof against explosives, but between the plates is a lining that is proof against thermit and even that oxyacetylene blowpipe by which you rescued me from the old boller. It has a time clock, too, that will prevent its being opened at night, even if any one should

learn the combination." They stood before the safe a moment, and Kennedy examined it closely with much interest.

"Wonderful!" he admired.

"I knew you'd approve of it," cried Ellaine, much pleased. "Now I bave something else to show you."

She paused at the desk, and from a drawer took out a pertfolio of large photographs. They were very handsome photographs of herself.

"Much more wonderful than the safe," remarked Craig sarnestly. Then, hesitating and a trifle embarrassed, he added, "May I-may I have one?"

"If you care for it," she said, dropping her eyes, then glancing up at him quickly.

"Care for it?" he repeated. "It will be one of the greatest treasures-

She slipped the picture quickly into an envelope. "Come," she interrupted. "Aunt Josephine will be wondering where we are. She-she's a demon

Bennett, Aunt Josephine and myself were talking earnestly as Elaine and Craig returned. That morning I had noticed Ken-

nedy fussing some time at the door of our apartment before we went over to the laboratory. As nearly as I could make out he had placed something under the rug at the door out into the hallway.

"Well," said Bennett, glancing at his watch and rising as he turned to Elaine, "I'm afraid I must go now." He crossed over to where she stood

and shock hands. There was no doubt that Bennett was very much smitten by his fair client. "Good-by, Mr. Bennett," she mur-

mured, "and I thank you so much for what you have done for me today."

But there was something lifeless about the words. She turned quickly to Craig, who had remained standing. "Must you go too, Mr. Kennedy?

she naked, noticing his position. "I'm afraid Mr. Jameson and I must get back on the job before this Clutching Hand gets busy again," he replied

reductantly. "Oh, I hope you-we get them soon!" she exclaimed, and there was nothing lifeless about the way she gave Craig her hand, as Bennett, he and I left a

moment later. When we approached our door, now, concealed button he caused a panel admired Susia. "I must tell father to ing a small, boxlike plate in the wall get one, too."

It was about a foot long and perhaps piece of paper which unrolled from one at the two girls from the other side call and wound up on another, acts of the portieres,

Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company. All Foreign Hights Reserved ated by clockwork. Across the blank white paper ran an ink line traced by a stylographic pen, used as I had seen in mechanical pencile used in offices, hotels, banks and such places.

> Interest. "What is It?" I asked.

"A new kinograph," he replied, atill gazing carefully at the rolledup part of the paper. "I have installed it because it registers every footstep on the floor of our apartment. We can't be too careful with this Clutching Hand. I want to know whether we have had any visitors or not in our absence. This straight line indicates that we have not. Wait a

Craig hastily unlocked the door and entered. Inside I could see him pacing up and down our modest quarters. "Do you see anything. Walter?"

he called. I looked at the kinograph. The

pen had started to trace its line, no longer even and straight, but zigzag." at different heights across the paper. He came to the Coor. "What do you think of it?" he inquired.

"Some idea," I answered enthusi-

We entered and I fell to work on a special Sunday story that I had been forced to neglect. I was not so busy, however, that I did not notice out of "But Mr. Kennedy came along and the corner of my eye that Kennedy saved me just in time," interrupted had taken from its cover Elaine Elaine with a smile. "I was well Dodge's picture and was garing at it ravenously.

I had finished as much of the article as I could do then and was smoking and reading it over. Kennedy was still gazing at the picture Miss Dodge had given him, then moving from place room to place about the room, evidently wondering where it would look best. doubt whether he had done another blessed thing since we returned.

He tried it on the mantel. That ouldn't do. At last he held it up beside a pleture of Galton, I think, of sisted. finger print and eugenics fame, who two. Elaine's picture was precisely the same size.

Next he tore out the picture of the scientist and threw it carelessly into the fireplace. Then he placed Efaine's picture in its place and hung it up again, standing off to admire it.

I watched him gleefully. Was this Craig? Purposely I moved my elbow auddenly and pushed a book with a bang on the floor. Kennedy actually Dess. jumped. I picked up the book with a "W-w muttered apology. No, this was not gasped. the same old Craig.

Perhaps half an hour later I was still reading. Kennedy was now pacing up and down the room, apparently unable to concentrate his mind on any but one subject.

He stopped a moment before the photograph, looked at it fixedly. Then he started his methodical walk again, hesitated, and went over to the telephone, calling a number which I recognized.

"She must have been pretty well done up by her experience," he said apologetically, catching my eye. was wondering if-hellol-oh, Miss Dodge-I-er-I-er-just called up to see if you were all right."

Craig was very much embarrassed, but also very much in earnest.

A musical laugh rippled over the telephone. "Yes, I'm all right, thank you, Mr. Kennedy-and I put the package you sent me into the safe, but-" "Package?" frowned Craig. "Why, I

sent you no package, Miss Dodge. In "Why, yes, and the safe is all covered with moisture—and so cold."
"Moisture—cold?" he repeated

hastily. "Yes. I have been wondering if it is all right. In fact, I was going to call

you up, only I was afraid you'd think I was fooliah." "I shall be right over," he answered hastily, chapping the receiver back on its hook. "Walter," he added, seizing

his hat and cost, "come on-hurry!" A few minutes later we drove up in a taxi before the Dodge house and rang the bell.

Jennings admitted us sleepily.

It could not have been long after we left Miss Dodge, late in the afternoon, that Susie Martin, who had been quite worried over our long absence after the attempt to rob ber father, dropped in on Elaine. Wide-syed, she had listened to Elaine's story of what had

"And you think this Clutching Hand has never recovered the incriminating papers that caused him to murder she said. "But-well-Jennings, you your father?" asked Suste.

Elaine shook her bead. "No. Let me show you the new safe I've bought.

By pressing a little Mr. Kennedy thinks it wonderful." "I should think you'd be proud of it,"

At that very moment, if they had known it, the Clutching Hand, with four inches wide. Through it ran a his siniator, masked face, was peering look at the safe.

\* out from behind the curtains. He gased sufe watching it intently. about a moment, then, moving over to the safe about which the two girls had been talking, stealthtly examined it.

He must have heard someone coming, for with a gesture of hate at the safe itself, as though he personified it, he slipped back of the curtains again.

Elaine had returned, and as she sat down at the desk to go over some papers which Bennett had left relative to settling up the estate the masked intruder stealthily and silently with-

"A package for you, Miss Dodge," announced Michael later in the evening, as Ellaine, in her dainty evening gown, was still engaged in going over the papers. He carried it in his hands rather gingerly.

"Mr. Kennedy sent it, ma'am. He Kennedy examined the thing with says it contains clues, and will you please put it in the new safe for him." Elaine took the package eagerly and examined it. Then she pulled open the little round door of the globular

> "It must be getting cold out, Michael," she remarked. "This package Is as cold as tee."

"It is, ma'am," answered Michael. She closed the safe, and, with a glance at her watch, set the time lock and went upstairs to her room.

No sooner had Elaine disappeared than Michael appeared again, catilke, through the curtains from the drawingroom, and, after a giance about the dimly lighted library, discovering that the coast was clear, motioned to a figure hiding behind the portieres.

A moment and Clutching Hand him-

He moved over to the safe and looked it over. Then he put out his hand and touched it. "Idsten!" cautioned Michael.

Someone was coming, and they hastily slunk behind the protecting portieres. It was Marie, Elaine's maid.

She turned up the lights and went over to the desk for a book for which Elaine had evidently sent her. She paused and appeared to be listening. Then she went to the door,

"Jenningst" she beckened. "What is it, Marie?" he replied.

She said nothing, but as he came up the hall led him to the center of the "Listen! I heard sighs and grouns!" Jennings looked at her a moment

puzzled, then laughed. "You girls!" he exclaimed. "I suppose you'll always think the library haunted now." "But, Jennings, listen," she per-

fireplace. Hastily he compared the gazed about the room. It was eerie.

Jennings dld listen. Sure enough, hung on the wall directly opposite the there were sounds, weird, uncanny. He Then he took a few steps toward the safe. Marie put out her hand to it and started back. "Why, that safe is all covered with

cold sweat!" she cried with bated breath.

Sure enough, the face of the safe was boaded with dampness. Jennings put his hand on it and quickly drew it away, leaving a mark on the damp-

"W-what do you think of that?" he

"I'm going to tell Miss Dodge," cried Marie, genuinely frightened.

A moment later she burst into

Elsine's room. shake that simple, stolld sentence. "What is the matter, Marie?" asked Kennedy frowned. Elaine, laying down her book. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Ah, but mademoiselle—it ees just like that. The safe-if mademoiselle



"A Package for You, Miss Dodge." will come down stairs, I will show it

Puzzled, but interested, Elaine followed her. In the library Jennings pointed mutely at the new safe. Elaine approached it. As they stood about, new beads of perspiration, as it were formed on it. Elaine touched it and also quickly withdrew her hand.

"I can't imagine what's the matter,"

may go-and Marle, also," When the servants had gone she still dering look, then turning out the

light, she followed. She had scarcely disappeared when, from the portiered doorway near by, the Clutching Hand appeared, and, after gazing out at them, took a quick

"Good!" be muttered.

Noiselessly Michael of the sinister

Busin ross to go and Blaine followed have moved in and book a position in to see RP she standard of Sunt Jose he ruttled some forms change in 1988 her to the door. No sooner had she the center of the room, as if on guard, thine. gone than the Clutching Hand came while Clutching Hand sut before the

"Someone at the door-Jennings is building answering the bell," Michael whis- "You-

pered hoarsely. "Confound it!" muttered Clutching Hand, as both moved again behind the

heavy valour curtains. "I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Kennedy," greeted Elaine unaffectedly as door, when he stopped short.

Jannings admitted us. "See," he said, "this is a precaution

She had heard the bell and was coming downstall's as we entered. We in the excitement." three moved toward the library and

someone switched on the lights. Craig strode over to the safe. The cold awest on it had now turned to teicles. Craig's face clouded with thought as he examined it more close-There was actually a grouning sound from within.

"It can't be opened," he said to himself. "The time look is set for tomor row morning."

Outside, if we had not been so absorbed in the present mystery, we might have seen Michael and the Clutching Hand listening to us hand across the doorway. Still noth-Clutching Hand looked hastily at his

"The deuce!" he muttered under his breath, stifling his suppressed fury. We stood looking at the safe. Kennedy was deeply interested, Elaine standing close beside him. Suddenly he seemed to make up his mind.
"Quick-Elaine!" he cried, taking

her arm, "Stand back!" We all retreated. The safe door, powerful as it was, had actually begun to warp and bend. The plates were bulging. A moment later, with a loud report and concussion, the door blew

A blast of cold air and flakes like snow flow out. Papers were scattered

We stood gazing, aghast, a second, then ran forward. Kennedy quickly examined the safe. He bent down and from the wreck took up a package, now covered with white,

As quickly he dropped it. "That is the package that was sent," cried Elaine.

Taking it in a table cover, he laid it on the table and opened it. Inside was a peculiar shape flask, open at the top, but like a vacuum bottle.
"A Dewar flask!" ejaculated Craig.

"What is it?" asked Elaine, appealing to him. "Liquid air!" he answered. "As it

evaporated, the terrific pressure of expanding air in the safe increased until it blew out the door. That is what caused the cold sweating and the groans," We watched him, startled.

On the other side of the portieres Michael and Clutching Hand walted. Then, in the general confusion, Clutching Hand slowly disappeared, foiled.

"Where did this package come from?" asked Kennedy of Jennings suspiciously. Jennings looked blank.

"Why," put in Elaine, "Michael brought it to me." "Get Michael," ordered Kennedy. A moment later he returned. found him, going upstairs," reported Jennings, leading Michael in.

shot out Kennedy. "It was left at the door, sir, by a boy, sir." Question after question could not

"Where did you get this package?"

"You may go," he said finally, as if eserving something for Michael later. A sudden exclamation followed from Elaine as Michael passed down the hall again. She had moved over to the deak, during the questioning, and was leaning against it.

Inadvertently she had touched an nvelope. It was addressed, "Craig

Craig tore it open, Elaine bending

anxiously over his shoulder, frightened, "YOU HAVE INTERFERED FOR THE LAST TIME. IT IS THE END." Beneath it stood the fearsome sign

of the Clutching Hand! The warning of the Clutching Hand had no other effect on Kennedy than the redoubling of his precautions for safety. Nothing further happened that night, however, and the next morning found us early at the laboratory.

It was the late forenoon, when, after a hurried trip down to the office, I rejoined Kennedy at his scientific workshop.

We walked down the street when a big limousine shot past. Kennedy stopped in the middle of a remark. He had recognized the car, with a sort of instinct.

At the same moment I saw a smiling face at the window of the car. It was Elaine Dodge. The car stopped in something less

than twice its length and then backed toward us. Kennedy, hat off, was at the window in a moment. There were Aunt Jose-

phine and Suste Martin, also. "Where are you boys going?" asked Elaine, with interest, then added with a gayety that ill concealed her real anxiety, "I'm so glad to see you-to see that—er—nothing has happened from the dreadful Clutching Hand."

"Why, we were just going up to our rooms," replied Kennedy.

"Can't we drive you around?" We climbed in and a moment later were off. The ride was only too short regarded the safe with the same won- for Kennedy. We stopped out in front of our apartment and stood chatting for a moment

"Some day I want to show you the inhoratory." Craig was saying. "It must be so-interesting!" exclaimed Elaine very enthusiastically.

Think of all the bad man you must have caught!" Etaine healtated, "Would you like

Aunt Josephine nodded acquiescence and a moment later we all entered the

change. "You-you are very careful since that last warning?" asked Elaine as allvor, Jens let the a go up and opened

the door to our rooms again. There we approached our door. "More than over-now," replied raig. "I have made up my mind to stood the cabinet, as outwardly issue-

Craig. cent as when it came in. Kennedy had started to unlock the to get the heavy piece of furniture out and downstairs again, loading it on the wagon. Then they drove off with

I have just installed. I almost forgot

He pressed a panel and disclosed

the bealike apparatus.
"This is my kinograph, which tells me whether I have had any visitors in my absence. If the pen traces a straight line, it is all right; but ifhello-Walter, the line is wavy."

We exchanged a significant glance. "Would you mind-er-standing down the hall Just a bit while I en-ter?" asked Craig.

"Be careful," cautioned Elaine. He unlocked the door, standing off to one side. Then he extended his



It Was the Clutching Hand.

ing happened. There was not a sound He looked cautiously into the room. Apparently there was nothing.

It had been about the middle of the morning that an express wagon had pulled up sharply before our apart-"Mr. Kennedy live here?" asked one

of the expresamen, descending with his helper and approaching our fanitor, Jens Jensen, a typical Swede, who was coming up out of the basement. Jens growled a surly, "Yes—but Mr. Kannady, he bane out."

"Too bad-we've got this large cab-inet he ordered from Grand Rapids. We can't cart it around all day. Can't you let us in so we can leave it?" Jensen muttered: "Well-I guess it bane all right."

They took the cabinet off the wagon and carried it upstairs. Jensen opened but we can't be too careful with this our door, still grumbling, and they intruder, whoever he was." placed the heavy cabinet in the living

"Sign here." "You fallers bane a nulsance," protested Jens, signing nevertheless.

He took it and moved toward the ple Scarcely had the sound of their footfalls died away in the outside halltruded, gazing about the room. It was the Clutching Hand!

From the cabinet he took a large package wrapped in newspapers. As the pole and straightened the picture. he held it, looking keenly about, his eye rested on Elaine's picture. A moment he looked at it, then quickly at the fireplace opposite.

He took the package to the fireplace, removed the acreen and laid the package over the andirons with one end pointing out into the room. Next he took from the cabinet a

An idea seemed to occur to him.

couple of storage batteries and a coll of wire. Deftly and quickly he fixed them on the package, Meanwhile, before an alleyway

Having completed fixing the batwires, using them in place of the pic- the slightest touch would complete the ture wires to support the framed pho-tograph until it hung very noticeably

askew on the wall. The last wire joined, he looked about the room, then noiselessly moved shattered picture where it hung away to the window and raised the shade, Quickly he raised his hand and buckshot had knocked away large brought the fingers slowly together.

It was the sign Off in the alley, the express driver and his helper jumped into the wagon and away it rattled.

Jensen was smoking placidly as the wagon pulled up the second time. "Sorry," said the driver sheepishly, "but we delivered the cabinet to the had lain in the fireplace. wrong Mr. Kennedy."

He pulled out the fueritable book to "Wall, you have fine fallers," growled Jensen, pulling like a furnace,

"You cannot go up in his fury. "We'll get fired for the mistake," pleaded the halper.

"Just this once," erged the driver, as

"Such a shaking up as you've given mel" growled a voice as the cabinet door opened. "But I've got bim this

He handed Jens a dollar in small

Still grumpy, but mollifled by the

Lugging and tugging they managed

it, accompanied by a parting volley

in an unfrequented street, perhaps

half a mile away, the wagon stopped,

With a keen glance around, the driver

and his helper made sure that no one

It was the Clutching Hand.

day's tiga."

Craig gazed into our living room cau-

"I can't see anything wrong," he said to mo as I stood just beside him. "Miss Dodge," he added, "will you and the rest excuse me if I ask you to wait

just a moment longer?" Elaine watched him, fascinated. He crossed the room, then went into each of our other rooms. Apparently nothing was wrong and a minute later he

reappeared at the doorway. "I guess it's all right," he said. "Perhaps it was only Jensen, the fanitor." Elaine, Aunt Josephine and Susie Martin entered. Craig placed chairs for them, but still I could see that be was uneasy. From time to time, while they were admiring one of our treasures after another, he glanced about

suspiciously. "What is the trouble, do you think?" asked Elaine wonderingly, noticing

"I-I can't just say," answered Craig. trying to appear easy.

She had risen and with keen interest was looking at the books, the plotures, the queer collection of weapons

and odds and ends from the under-

world that Craig had amassed in his

ndventures. At last her eye wandered across the room. She caught sight of her owa picture, occupying a place of honorbut hanging askew.

claimed. "Such housekeepers as you are-such carelessness!" She had taken a stop or two across the room to straighten the picture.

"Isn't that just like a man!" she ex-

"Miss Dodge!" almost shouted Kennedy, his face fairly blanched. "Stop! She turned, her stunning eyes filled with amazement at his suddenness. Nevertheless she moved quickly to one side, as he waved his arms, unable to

speak quickly enough. Kennedy stood quite still, gazing at the picture, askaw, with suspicion,

"That wasn't that way when we left, was it, Walter?" he asked. "It certainly was not," I answered positively. "There was more time spent in getting that picture just right than I ever saw you spend on the

Craig frowned. As for myself I did not know what to make of it. "I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to step into this back room," said Craig at length to the ladies. "I'm sorry—

Elaine, however, stopped at the door. For a moment Kennedy appeared to be considering. Then his eye fell on a fishing rod that stood in a corner.

ture. On his hands and knees, to one way when the door of the cabinet side, down as close as he could get to slowly opened and a masked face prothe floor, with the rod extended at arm's length, he motioned to me to do the same, behind him.

Carefully Kennedy reached out with

As he did so there was a finsh, a loud, deafening report, and a great puff of smoke from the fireplace. The fire screen was riddled and overturned. A charge of buckshot shat-

tered the precious photograph of We had dropped flat on the floor at the report. I looked about. Kennedy

was unharmed and so were the rest. With a bound he was at the fireplace, tollowed by Elaine and the rest of us. There, in what remained of a across the street and further down package done up roughly in newspathe long block the express wagon had per, was a shotgun with its barrel sawed off about six inches from the lock, fastened to a block of wood, and teries and wires, Clutching Hand ran connected to a series of apringe on the wires along the molding on the the trigger, released by a little electrowall overhead, from the fireplace up- magnetic arrangement actuated by til he was directly over Elaine's pic- two batteries and leading by wires up ture. Skillfully he managed to fix the along the molding to the picture where

> circuit. A startled cry from Elaine caused us

She was standing directly before her

on the wall. The heavy charge or

to turn.

pleces of paper and plaster under it. "Craig!" she gasped. He was at her side in a second. She laid one hand on his arm, as she faced him. With the other she traced an imaginary line in the air from the level of the buckshot to his head and

then straight to the infernal thing that "And to think," she shuddered, "that R was through me that he tried to kill

"Never mind," laughed Craig easily, as they gazed into each other's eyes, drawn together by their mutual peril, "Clutching Hand will have to be cleverer than this to get either of an

-Elainel-(TO BE CONTINUEDA